November.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)
Whose better dayes death hath shut vp in woe?
The fayrest floure our gyrlond all emong,
Is faded quite and into dust ygoe.
Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe
The songs that *Colin* made in her prayse,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes,
O heauie herse,
Now is time to dye. May time was long ygoe,
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buryed long in Winters bale:
Yet soone as spring his mantle doth displaye,
It floureth fresh, as it should neuer fayle?
But thing on earth that is of most availe,
As vertues braunch and beauties budde,
Reliuen not for any good.
O heauie herse,
The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes must quaile,
O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a woful word to sayne)
For beauties prayse and pleasaunce had no pere:
So well she couth the shepherds entertayne,
With cakes and cracknells and such country chere.
Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine,
For she would cal hem often heme
And giue hem curds and clouted Creame.
O heauie herse,
As *Colin cloute* she would not once disdayne.
O carefull verse.

But nowe like happy cheere is turnd to heauie chaunce,
Such pleasaunce now displaft by dolors dint:
All Muse sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,
And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,

November.

The gaudie girlonds deck her gra
The faded flowres her corse emby
O heauie herse.
Worne nowe my Muse, now worne
O carefull verse.

O thou greate shepheard *Lobbin*, hol
Where bene the noselayes that she
The colourd chaplets wrought with
The knotted rushrings, and gilte R
For shee deemed nothing too deere
Ah they bene all yclad in clay,
One bitter blast blewe all away.
O heauie herse,
Thereof nought remaynes but the n
O carefull verse.

Ay me that dreerie death should stri
That can vndoe Dame natures kin
The faded lockes fall from the lofti
The flouds do gaspe, for dryed is th
And flouds of teares flowe in theyr
The mantled medowes mourne,
Theyr sondry colours tourne.
O heauie herse,
The heauens doe melt in teares wi
O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse thei
And hang theyr heads, as they wou
The beastes in forest wayle as they
Except the Wolues, that chase the
Now she is gon that safely did hem
The Turtle on the bared braun
Laments the wound, that death
O heauie herse,
And *Philomele* her song with teare
O carefull verse.

EDMUND SPENSER *The Shepheardes Calender* LONDON, 1579 THE FOLGER SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY